



TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. LIBER PRIMUS.

Incipit Liber Primus.



DOUBLE SORWE OF Troilus to tellen,
That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,
In lovinge, how his adventures fellen
fro wo to wele, and after out of joye,
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye,
Thesiphone, thou help me for tendyte

Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!

To thee clepe I, thou goddesse of torment,
Thou cruel furie, sorwing ever in peyne;
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne!
for wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne,
A woful wight to han a drery fere,
And, to a sorwful tale, a sory chere.

for I, that god of Loves servaunts serve,
Ne dar to Love, for myn unlyklinesse,
Preyen for speed, al sholde I therfor sterre,
So fer am I fro his help in derknesse;
But natheles, if this may doon gladnesse
To any lover, and his cause avayle,
Have he my thank, and myn be this travayle!

But ye lovers, that bathen in gladnesse,
If any drope of pitee in yow be,
Remembreth yow on passed hevinesse
That ye han felt, and on the adversitee
Of othere folk, and thenketh how that ye
han felt that Love dorste yow displese;
Or ye han wonne him with to greet an ese.

And preyeth for hem that ben in the cas
Of Troilus, as ye may after here,



That love hem bringe in hevenc to solas,
And eek for me preyeth to God so dere,
That I have might to shewe, in som manere,
Swich peyne and wo as Loves folk endure,
In Troilus unsely aventure.

And biddeth eek for hem that been despayred
In love, that never nil recovered be,
And eek for hem that falsly been aseyred
Thorough wikked tonges, be it he or she;
Thus biddeth God, for his benignitee,
To graunte hem sone out of this world to pace,
That been despayred out of Loves grace.

And biddeth eek for hem that been at ese,
That God hem graunte ay good per-
severance,
And sende hem might hir ladies so to plesse,
That it to Love be worship and plesaunce.
for so hope I my soule best avaunce,
To preye for hem that Loves servaunts be,
And wryte hir wo, and live in charitee.

And for to have of hem compassioun
As though I were hir owene brother dere,
Now herkeneth with a gode entencioun,
for now wol I gon straight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double sorwes here

Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde,
And how that she forsook him er she deyde.

Is wel wist, how that the
Grekes stronge
In armes with a thousand
shippes wente
To Troyewardes, and the citee
longe
Assageden neigh ten yer er
they stente,
And, in diverse wyse and oon
entente,
The ravissching to wreken of
Eleyne,
By Paris doon, they wrought-
en al hir peyne.
Now fil it so, that in the toun
ther was
Dwellinge a lord of greet auc-
toritee,
A gret devyn that cleped was

Calkas,
That in science so expert was, that he
Knew wel that Troye sholde destroyed be,
By answeere of his god, that highte thus,
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus.